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# INNOVATOR

## Professor target of covert operation

by Cindy Kansoer-Schneider

Michele McMaster, a Communication professor from the College of Arts and Sciences, was the target of a covert operation on Thursday, June 23<sup>rd</sup>. A highly skilled undercover team, headed by Jean Hickey, a graduate student in Communication and president of Students in Communication, was comprised of 14 members. Though their actions were well coordinated, they left behind evidence and several witnesses.

Hickey directed each member in his or her tasks and corrupted a newly enrolled student, Samantha Schneider,



Michele McMaster, Communications professor, pictured in her office just prior to entering trap set by covert team.

by employing her to keep McMaster distracted and away from the scene. When Schneider developed difficulty luring her from the classroom, members of the team converged on the Student Life Service Office as a cover-up. The staff of the Service Office was helpless and had no choice but to assist the group.

Once McMaster was out of the way, the perpetrators smoothly coordinated their efforts and at 7:40 p.m., she entered the trap. "She wanted me to go in first," stated Schneider, shaken from the experience, "but I said that I had a problem with the

Bravo (motorized transport) and she should go in first."

Claude Hill, a new staff member of the *INNOVATOR*, took pictures that captured the event on disk. Evidence of a celebration of McMaster's Doctor of Philosophy degree attests to the expertise of the covert team.

McMaster has been a faculty member of Governors State University since 1989. She received her Bachelor's of Arts degree in Human Development in 1971 from Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois. She holds two Master's of Arts degrees in Human Relations Services (1975) and Communication (1989) both from GSU.

McMaster's Ph.D. degree is in Interdisciplinary Studies with a specialization in Communication and Consciousness from The Union Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

She teaches three to four courses per trimester and advises both undergraduate and graduate students as well as supervises graduate projects, theses, and internships. McMaster has served on committees including assessment, Illinois Articulation Initiative task force, and strategic planning quality task force. She has also lectured on various aspects of commu-

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## Dean of the College of Health Professionals retires

by Cindy Kansoer-Schneider



Dean Cecilia Rokusek (center) and parents

Cecilia Rokusek, dean of the College of Health Professionals, has announced her retirement at the end of June. She has been employed at Governors State for six years.

A farewell reception took place in the E Lounge, Friday, June 25<sup>th</sup>, where Rokusek delivered the following address:

### The Paradox

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings, but shorter tempers; wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints; we spend more, but

have less; we buy more, but enjoy less

We have bigger houses and smaller families; more conveniences, but less time; we have more degrees, but less sense; more knowledge, but less judgment; more experts, but more problems; more medicine, but less wellness.

We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life, not life

to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet the new neighbor.

We've conquered outer space, but not inner space; we've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul; we've split the atom, but not our prejudice; we have higher incomes, but lower morals; we've become long on quantity, but short on quality. These are the times of tall men, and short character; steep profits and shallow relationships. These are the times of world peace, but domestic warfare; more leisure, but less fun; more kinds of food, but less nutrition. These are the days of two incomes, but more divorces; of fancier houses, but broken homes.

It is a time when there is much in the show window and nothing in the stockroom; a time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to make a difference or just hit delete. —Author Unknown

Rokusek continued

## Educational series 'kicked-off'

by John Borgman

The College of Education opened a year-long series of events at Governors State University on Friday, June 18<sup>th</sup>, with a presentation by Dr. William Glasser titled "The Lessons of Littleton." This event was well attended, and well received, across curriculum disciplines.

Dr. Glasser, a well-known psychiatrist/educator, discussed his latest book titled

*Choice Theory: A new Psychology of Personal Freedom* to the events of Littleton, Colorado's Columbine High School. Glasser was quick to assure the audience that blame for the horrifying events was not the purpose of his lecture.

Glasser detailed the four main elements of his theory, identifying the negative behavior demonstrated as 'discon-

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Dr. William Glasser, author of *The Quality School*

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The *Innovator* welcomes submissions. Deadline for the July 26th issue is July 12th. Submissions should be on disk single spaced using Microsoft Word and placed in the *INNOVATOR*'s mailbox or in the office at A2134. Okease orivude a tekephine number in case of questions.

## Dean

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by saying to trust and believe in yourself, and that you can make a difference. Inspire your students and realize the potential.

Rokusek is retiring to take care of her parents (pictured). They will be residing in Florida.

## 'Kill da wabbit, kill da wabbit'

by Bill Olson

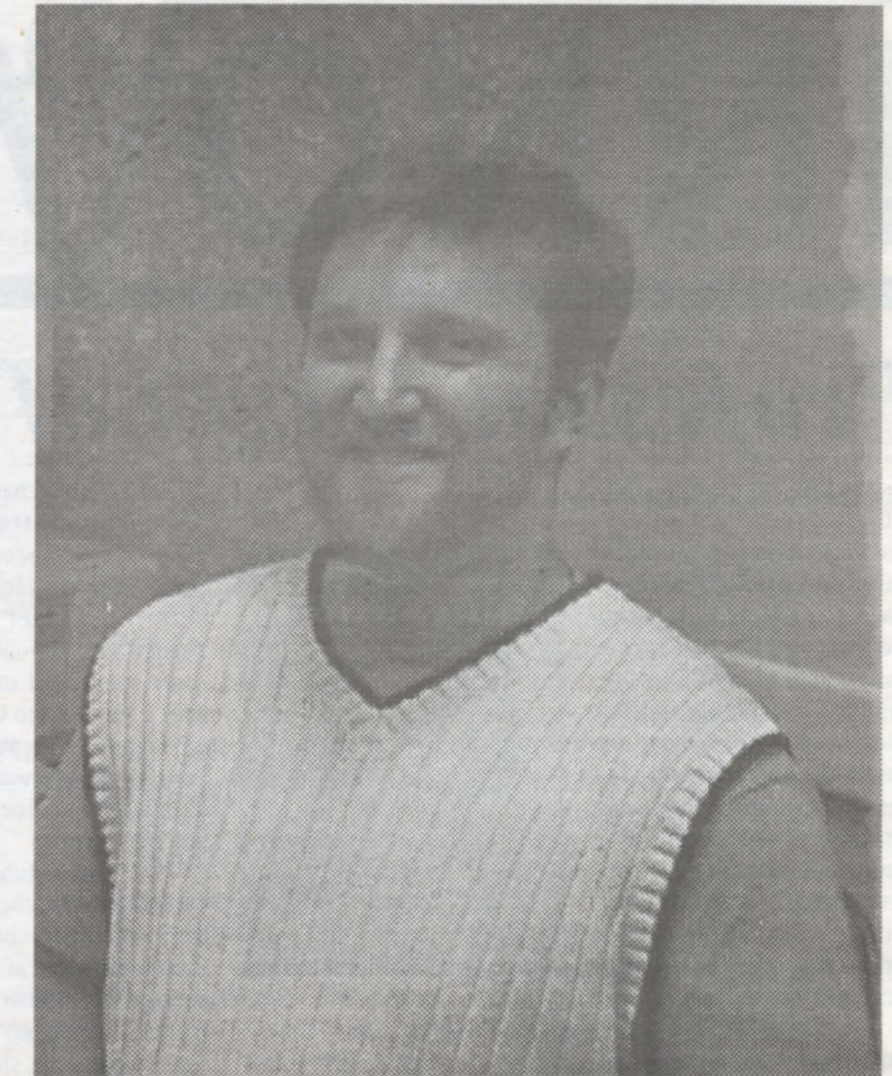
There is no reason to allow the possession or use of any sort of firearm in the United States. The only reason owning guns was made legal in the first place was to accommodate an archaic society in the midst of a revolutionary war. And the only reason the law remains on the books to this day is because of an outspoken, incredibly well-organized, and powerful interest group—the NRA.

Okay, so there truly is a sizable group of people who support the right to own firearms. But just who are they? Certainly, they are not parents defending their family from intruders, as most people know that a gun in the home is forty-three times more likely to kill a family member or friend than an intruder. Nor could it be anyone residing in an urban center, as they would much prefer a bullet-free trip home from work than to have the right to own their own gun. Neither could it be criminals, as they would never want the gun traceable to themselves.

So who wants guns? Hunters want guns, that's who. After all, they have a right to engage in sport—their pursuit of happiness. And this indeed makes them happy.

Come deer season, duck season, quail season, bear season, these pathetic hedonists don their cap and shotgun and head for the nearest hunting site. They sit quietly, possibly chewing tobacco, wait for a creature of nature to cross their sights, then shoot away. Afterward, they like to have their "game" stuffed for all their inhumane buddies to stop over and gawk at. "Look, Brett. Ain't it beautiful?"

Well it is not beautiful. It is disgusting. What makes these hunters so



much more special than other animals? One gets the chair if he kills his neighbor, but gets a high-five if he takes down an eight point buck.

What is the big difference? Why is it human life is deemed so much more superior to other life forms? Hey Brett, we all evolved from the same primordial pool. What the heck makes you

so different?

The difference is ignorance. Brett, you just don't get it. Your frontal cortex mutated thousands of years ago, yet you still think like a baboon.

Oh, but you's have such fun in your sport, supposedly. And who am I to deny y'all that right?

## From the desk of the Student Senate's president.....

I wanted to introduce myself to the Governors State University Student Body. My name is Laura Wolframski. I am an undergraduate student in the College of Arts and Sciences, majoring in biology with a minor in chemistry/

I will be graduating at the end of this coming academic year. I hope to become a Geneticist or a Forensic Scientist. In the meantime, I hope to be one of the better known and recognized Student Senate presidents.

As your president, I hope

to help the Senate accomplish several things this academic year. This includes a greater understanding and appreciation for the assistance that the Student Senate can provide each student at GSU as their elected representatives to the university. I understand that we suffer from low visibility on campus, but I hope to help correct this.

You Student Senate is made up of caring and dedicated student leaders who hope to make GSU as responsive to your needs

as possible. Information is power and we want you to know that students can actually be heard at this university. We, in fact, want to hear from you. I need your feedback and ideas so that we can work together with you this year.

Please call me directly at (708) 534-7056 and leave a message. I want to hear from you!

*Laura Wolframski managed to allude the camera, but it is promised that her picture will soon be captured and will appear in a future issue.*

## Series

continued from front page

nected,' in a serious, yet light-hearted, address followed by questions and comments from those in attendance.

This event was attended by an audience disciplined in psychology, social work, and public speaking.

The presentation was held in the Centre for the Performing Arts. Glasser's style was relaxed as he sat in a chair center stage with a microphone in hand. Glasser frequently entertained and kept the interest of the audience with applicable comedic quotes from well-known historical figures. One of Glasser's light-hearted quotes was from Harry S. Truman. When Truman was queried about love, he responded: "You can buy a dog for \$10 and every day that you come home, the dog will

be excited and ecstatic to see you. A dog will live about ten years. Now, you can't find a better deal than that, even in marriage."

Glasser's latest book is a detailed expansion of a former work, *The Quality School*, which is well known to graduate students in education at GSU. This work is used as the core text in a required course, *Issues and Trends in Education* (Educ. 630).

According to the flyer promoting this event, distributed by the College of Education, Glasser's major effort at this time is to teach the world *choice theory*, a new psychology aimed at replacing the prevailing psychology of the world which he calls *external control psychology*. Glasser believes that external control psychology is a plague on humanity because it destroys human relationships. In doing so, it prevents us from getting

along any better with each other than we ever have, as evidenced by our failure to improve marital, family, teacher-student, and manager-worker relationships during the present century.

The second event in the school and community, *Changes and Challenges Series* will be a Town Meeting hosted by community-based organizations, interacting on issues surrounding the increased violence in schools. This event is scheduled for October of 1999.

The participants in the October conference will include teachers, students, administrators, local government leaders, general community, and religious leaders, as well as any interested citizens.

The College of Education will offer one hour of graduate credit to educators who complete this series of seminars.



# Anatomy of a Southsider

by Cindy Kansoer-Schneider

While traveling through Georgia, I stopped in Valdosta for dinner. The waitress commented on how "Ya'll must come from the north. My mamma's from the north; she asks for pop too. Down here we say: soda." She also mentioned that my companions and I didn't pronounce some words 'right' and we spoke too fast. I was able to accept that; we are from the Midwest. A few years ago, someone made comment on how I spoke a dialect from Chicago. It startled me since I had never considered Chicagoans as speaking a dialect other than one from the Midwest. Recently, a fellow student asked me where I was from. When I said Chicago, she asked me where in Chicago. When I said the south side, she said that she suspected that. Supposedly, I didn't speak 'anything like her;' she's from the north side. This isn't the first time that I have been tagged as a 'Southsider' and viewed with curiosity.

Once had someone tell me that Southsiders (of Chicago) know everyone on the south side and few people are permitted to enter the tight-knit group. This is obviously exaggeration, but it is true that there is nearly an instant bonding between Southsiders when they encounter each other. I remember those residents of the south side rarely—if ever—ventured to the north side; Northsiders rarely came to the south side unless they were visiting a museum or other landmark. The south side has Rainbow beach and the north side has North Avenue and Oak Street beaches. Each side has their own shopping districts and malls. Thus, the downtown area—the 'Loop' in particular—became the meeting ground for the north and south. (The Loop did not get its name from the elevated trains that circle the business district of the downtown area. The trains were built within 'The Loop,' but that is a story for another time.) Pondering on what divided the two sides of the city, I discovered elements that are so deeply integrated into daily life that they are overlooked—and taken for granted—until they are gone.

It has been pointed out that at one time the north side residents were primarily white-collar workers where the south side heralded blue-collar workers. The division between the two areas was economic stature, but this is not entirely

accurate. The south side had Hyde Park where some of the most affluent people lived. There is also the Beverly area where only the elite resided. Right in the middle of that neighborhood exists a castle with turrets and architecture that will astound you. The residents of these areas also call themselves Southsiders and feel a kindredship to the south side.

Chicago was divided into neighborhoods, settled by different ethnic groups. An example would be the area around 39<sup>th</sup> Street and Ashland Avenue where my mother grew up. That was the site of Saint Michael (Eastern Orthodox) Church and those of Slavic descent predominantly populated the surrounding area. Just north of that neighborhood, was the Bridgeport area that was predominantly populated by people of Irish descent. That doesn't mean that only Irish people lived in Bridgeport, it means that most of the people were Irish. Besides being divided into school districts, areas were also designated by being part of 'parishes' of various Roman Catholic Churches. The overlapping of the invisible dividing lines made it possible for the different groups to overcome their differences and come together.

Main thoroughfares ('busy streets') easily defined neighborhoods. Children could wander anywhere within the boundaries of the neighborhood, but could not cross a 'busy street.' This made it easy to identify where your neighborhood was and defined where you came from. It defined what school you belonged to and what parish you lived within. Areas were also defined by the park that was near or in your area. Damon Avenue and 71<sup>st</sup> Street was close to Murray Park, thus, the area was designated Murray Park; Western Avenue and 71<sup>st</sup> Street (approximately 8 streets west of Damon Avenue) was close to Marquette Park, thus, the area was designated as Marquette Park. It remains the same today; the park within its proximity identifies an area.

What is deemed a park in the suburbs has amazed since I have moved from the city. Parks in Chicago encompass several acres of land and host ponds, lagoons, field houses, and some even have pools. What my current neighborhood calls a park is nothing more than the size of a Chicago vacant

lot that sports some swings and other equipment to amuse small children. Now that I think of it, the move from the city was a curious and uncomfortable one for me. I was aghast that there were no alleys and the garbage cans were placed on the street, there were no sidewalks, and I wondered if the lack of streetlights were because the village couldn't afford the electricity. I'm a city dweller and found it most concerning that I had to walk down the middle of the street without being able to see where I was going. But this is structural differences and does not discern what makes the south side of Chicago different.

The neighborhoods became melting pots of people from all different backgrounds. One of the greatest elements of Chicago is the homes and, more importantly, front porches. Every evening (in good weather) the neighbors of each block would congregate on one porch to discuss the days events (and gossip about a neighbor not present). Neighborhoods were more in the way of extended families. As a child, you were careful of infractions the rules set down by their parents because the rules of every household were pretty much alike and though your parents might not see you doing something wrong, it was guaranteed that a neighbor would. You could count on the neighbor to tell your mom, who would instill her punishment, and then your mom would tell your dad and you had to face his wrath. It seemed that kids had a code of honor not to 'snitch' on each other and adults had an opposite code that guaranteed that they would tell all. What seemed unfair behavior at the time was nothing more than everyone looking out for the well being of each other.

I asked my brother, who moved to the north side, how he could stand the isolation. His response was how could I miss the old neighborhood with all the nosy busybodies. He suggested that I should get together with my neighbors on someone's porch to soothe my melancholy. It would have been a good idea except for the fact that we don't have front porches. Unlike the two-story frame houses that line the Chicago streets and sport a 'stoop' of at least 13 stairs, most homes are either ranches or split-levels and they certainly do not need stairs to reach the front door. Sitting on lawn chairs in someone's front lawn just doesn't seem to make the closeness happen.



The block parties that occur are a poor substitute for the past stoop sitting. Getting together once or twice per year doesn't allow the sharing that once occurred between people. Everyone would share the joys and sorrows with each other; you knew that though people were nosy, they were so because they cared. As my friend, John Borgman (he's works in Student Life and is a fellow Southsider from my old neighborhood), pointed out, the suburbs are more 'me' centered. I don't think that that means no one cares, but we have become too busy to notice much outside of our immediate family environment.

I still have wonderment at why the streets in the downtown area haven't caved in with the catacombs of tunnels that run under them or visualize the swampland that existed where the lagoon in front of the Museum of Science and Industry sits. Chicago used to have an independent metropolis within its confines and the history behind the cleats at Olive Beach (adjacent to Navy Pier) is extremely interesting.

My friend, Claudia, laughed at me and why I don't move back since I miss Chicago so much. It has occurred to me that what I miss is not merely Chicago, but the people too. I miss my old neighborhood and the people whom I grew up with. Though the people of Murray Park have scattered all over the United States, when I walk down a Chicago street, I take comfort in the memories I have of those people.

My response to my brother, Pat, is: "You're just jealous that you always got caught and I didn't." My answer to Claudia is just as simple: you can only go back in your memories to visit; you can't live there.

## Humor can be good medicine.....

received from jjschneider@lucent.com

### ACTUAL SCHOOL EXCUSES

My son is under a doctor's care and should not take P.E. today.  
Please execute him.

Please excuse Lisa for being absent. She was sick and I had her shot.

Dear School: Please excuse John being absent on Jan. 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, and also 33.

Please excuse Gloria from Jim today. She is administrating.

Please excuse Roland from P.E. for a few days. Yesterday he fell out of a tree and misplaced his hip.

John has been absent because he had two teeth taken out of his face.

Carlos was absent yesterday because he was playing football. He was hurt in the growing part.

Megan could not come to school today because she has been bothered by very close veins.

Chris will not be in school cus he has an acre in his side.

Please excuse Ray Friday from school. He has very loose vowels.

Please excuse Pedro from being absent yesterday. He had diahre dyrea direathe (the sh\*\*s).

Please excuse Tommy for being absent yesterday. He had diarrhea and his boots leak.

Irving was absent yesterday because he missed his bust.

Please excuse Jimmy for being. It was his father's fault.

I kept Billie home because she had to go Christmas shopping because I don't know what size she wear.

Please excuse Jennifer for missing school yesterday. We forgot to get the Sunday paper off the porch, and when we found it Monday, we thought it was Sunday.

Sally won't be in school a week from Friday. We have to attend her funeral.

My daughter was absent yesterday because she was tired.

She spent a weekend with the Marines.

Please excuse Jason for being absent yesterday. He had a cold and could not breed well.

Please excuse Mary for being absent yesterday. She was in bed with gramps.

Gloria was absent yesterday as she was having a gangover.

Please excuse Burma, she has been sick and under the doctor.

Maryann was absent December 11-16, because she had a fever, sore throat, headache and upset stomach. Her sister was also sick, fever and sore throat, her brother had a low grade fever and ached all over. I wasn't the best either, sore throat and fever. There must be something going around, her father even got hot last night.



## Professor

continued from front page

nication for other professors in their classrooms in addition to outside groups and organizations.

Prior to teaching at GSU,



The professor enters the trap...

McMaster was an educator at Tinley Park Mental Health Center, Tinley Park from 1971 to 1978, Coordinator of Out-Patient Psychiatric Services,



...and is inundated with self-esteem.

Olympia Fields Osteopathic Hospital & Medical Center, Olympia Fields from 1979 to 1980, Director of Women's Services, South Suburban Area YWCA, Park Forest from 1981 to 1982, and a psychotherapist in a private practice, in Flossmoor and Park Forest from 1982 to 1992.

Her honors and awards include *Who's Who of America's Teachers*, 1996-1999, Faculty Appreciation Award, 1997 and 1998, and *Who's Who of American Women* 1999-2000. She



The covert team and their victim, Professor Michele McMaster (pictured center).

presented "Consciousness and Listening" at the International Listening Association, Little Rock Arkansas, March 8-12, 1995. Among McMaster's published papers are "A View of Interdisciplinary Teams: A Case Study in a Case Study" with Professor Mary Howes, College of Business and Public Administration, in the *Teacher Education Quarterly*, 1998 and the *Study*

*Guide* for the correspondence course for Concepts in Human Communication.

McMaster's ability to teach team process and leadership is evident through the efforts of the group's surprise on Thursday. "I knew something was going on," she said, "but I wasn't sure what it was." The event was a great success.

## This 'n That

### Crossword 101

By Gerry Frey

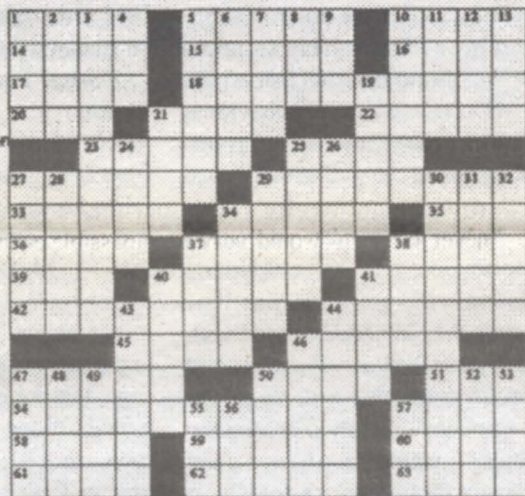
#### "Book It!"

##### ACROSS

- 1 Nursing
- 5 Courtyards
- 10 Barter
- 14 Herb
- 15 Diving birds
- 16 Southern constellation
- 17 SE Asian country
- 18 Number cruncher
- 20 Vex
- 21 Pitcher's goof
- 22 Change
- 23 Graceful birds
- 25 Simpson's son
- 27 Glossy
- 29 Accumulates
- 33 Irritable
- 34 Snake for one
- 35 Fedora
- 36 Uncommon
- 37 Ship parts
- 38 Heckle
- 39 Mr. Vigoda
- 40 Feeds the kitty
- 41 Ms. Starr
- 42 Chase Manhattan receipt
- 44 \_\_\_\_\_ bender
- 45 Out down
- 46 Blind parts
- 47 Headband
- 50 Mr. Musial
- 51 Mr. Kingsley
- 54 Bag
- 57 Ripped
- 58 Wimbledon's Arthur
- 59 Solo
- 60 Sharpen
- 61 Monster's lake
- 62 Computer morsels
- 63 Earned with effort

##### DOWN

- 1 Island
- 2 Fruit chemical
- 3 Novel places
- 4 Affirmative
- 5 State capital



- 6 Implements
- 7 Castle
- 8 Printer's need
- 9 Request
- 10 Lissome
- 11 Cried
- 12 Away from wind
- 13 Young salmon
- 16 Arrive first
- 21 Prohibits
- 24 Shrewd
- 25 Simmers
- 26 Charity
- 27 Fragment
- 28 Depression near the Dead Sea
- 29 Golf club
- 30 "The Cat in The Hat"
- 31 Postpone
- 32 Navigates
- 34 Mother
- 37 Recognize
- 38 Fellow

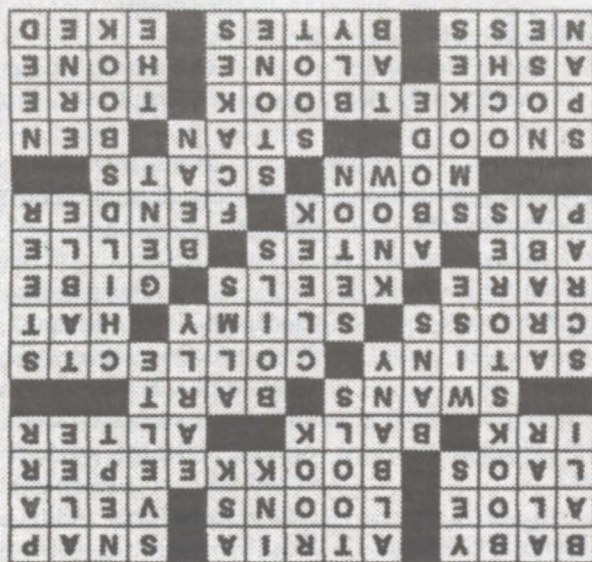
- 40 Domicile
- 41 Head: Slang
- 43 Cigarettes
- 44 Oddballs: Slang
- 46 Mason's need
- 47 Bridge term
- 48 Facial feature
- 49 NY Times publisher
- 50 Fireplace particles
- 52 Sea eagle
- 53 Requirement
- 55 Check
- 56 Nellie
- 57 Article

#### Quotable Quote

"The man who does not read good books has no advantage over the man who can't read them."

... Mark Twain

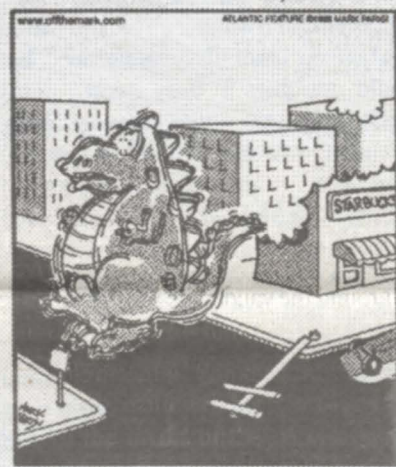
By GFR Associates E-Mail: EDC9432@aol.com  
Mail: GFR, P.O. Box 461, Schenectady, NY 12301



BOOK IT!

#### off the mark

by Mark Parisi



#### SPKWORD



"I know this is a tough concept to grasp Johnny, but to make ice cubes, you have to fill the trays with water."

#### THE POLYGON PUZZLES

by Dennis Lee Thom

Hello everyone. Today's puzzles are about coins and ping-pong balls.

1. Some of Denmark's coins have holes in the middle of them. Suppose we have a copper coin with a small hole in the middle of it. The coin is heated making the copper expand. The size, or the diameter of the hole, will then:

A. Stay the same B. Get smaller C. Get larger

2. Here is a problem that may seem very difficult to solve, but actually is very easy to solve. There is a large barrel with 90 ping-pong balls labeled 1 to 90. Three of them are drawn out, one at a time. What is the probability that the numbers on the three balls come out in order, smallest to largest?

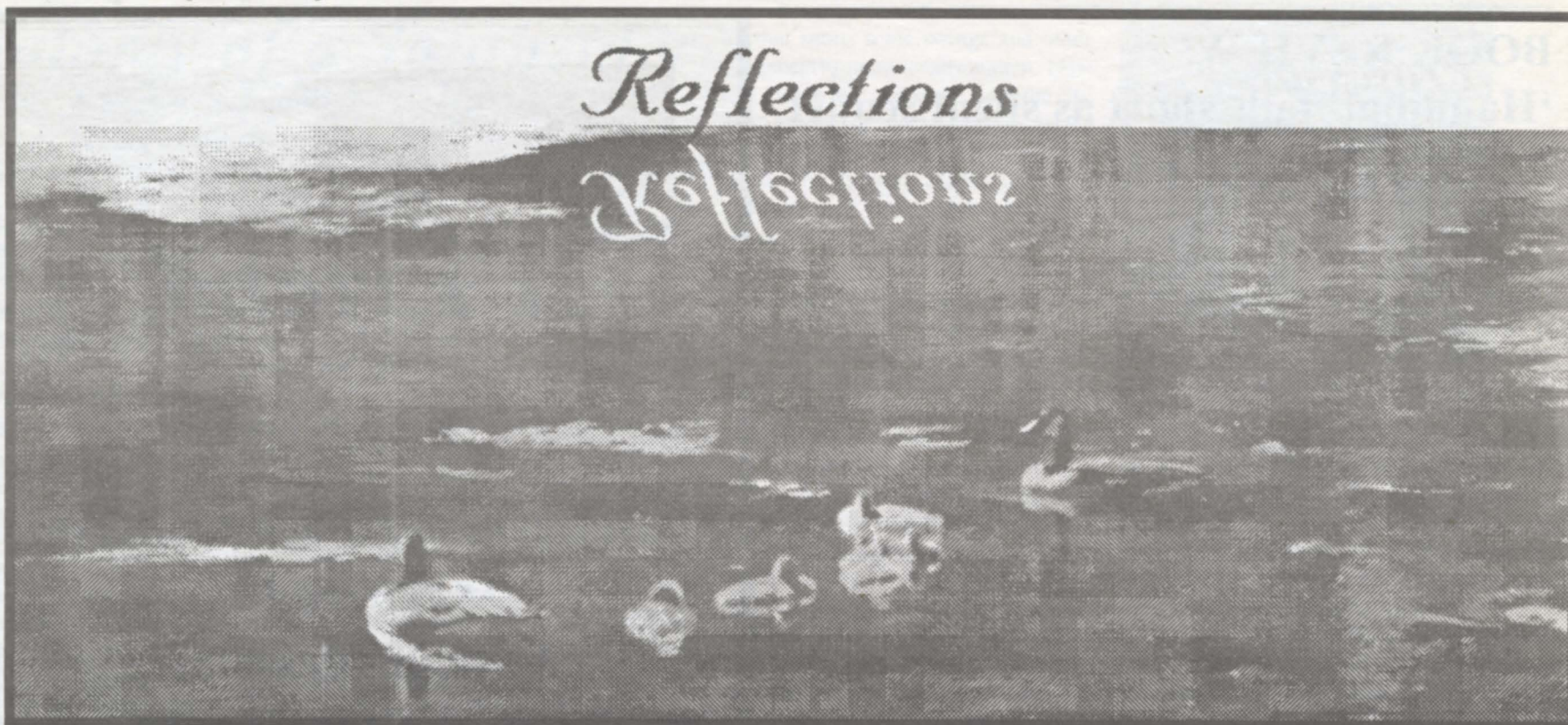
A. 1/90 B. 1/30 C. 1/9 D. 1/6

2. D. 1/6 The number of ping-pong balls we start with does not matter. What matters is that we draw out three of them. There are only six ways to order the three numbers. Suppose we had the three numbers 2, 4, 6. The only possible orders would be, 2, 4, 6 2, 6, 4 4, 2, 6 4, 6, 2 6, 2, 4 and 6, 4, 2. So we have one chance in six of them being in the correct order.

1. C. Get larger The same thing happens with donuts.

Answers to The Polygon Puzzles





### A New Fields' Day

*The Man on the Flying Trapeze: The Life and Time of W.C. Fields*

by Simon Louvish

564 pages, with index

New York and London: W.W. Norton Publishing

#### Book Review by Bruce Weaver

Biographies of the greatest American-born comedian have come and gone within various publishing circles. The first author to tackle the comedian with the bulbous nose and scratchy voice was Robert Lewis Taylor's *W.C. Fields, His Follies and Fortunes*, first published by the New American Library in 1949 and was reprinted in 1967.

Yet, Taylor's work merely consisted of tall tales that the Great One had dictated to Gene Fowler intertwined with press clippings and other unreliable sources.

During the early Seventies, W.C. was the idol of the Hippie Generation and a whole new cult worship sprang up around the vaudeville juggler turned comedian. Donald Deschner's *The Films of W.C. Fields* followed which was a well-researched

book, though devoid of any readable material. Sometimes, Deschner reprinted false information in his biography which merely caused the myths of the man to be inflated.

Finally, W.C. Fields' mistress of twenty years, Carlotta Monti, published a book written with Cy Rice about what it was like to live with Fields on a day-to-day basis, *W.C. Fields and Me* (Prentice-Hall, 1971); and, in order to outdo Monti, the comedian's grandson, Ronald J. Fields published a book *W.C. Fields by Himself* (Prentice-Hall, 1973) which consisted of then unpublished correspondence between Fields and his wife of 37 years, Hattie Fields, and scores of letters he had sent to various show business personalities. The book also contained some of Fields' vaudeville scripts as well as scenarios for *The Old Fashioned Way* and *It's A Gift*, (The latter surely ranks as one of the funniest movies ever made, and Fields' masterpiece.)

Originally published in England, and then published in the States a few months ago what Louvish has done here is to combine all the information from previous publications, and try to give the aficionado a portrait of the real man.

The result? While the truth is interesting it sometimes is far from entertaining, and we see Fields as a man with an over-inflated sense of entertainment. This does not mean that W.C. was an out-an-out liar. What Louvish demonstrates is that Fields stretched the truth here and there in order to be an entertainer. In order to get the public interested in an entertaining product, sometimes you have to be a story-teller yourself, so the audience will flock to see the product.

Louvish demonstrates in his researched account of dime-shows and vaudeville, that Fields and others learned to use show business pizzazz in order to make the product marketable. For example, Barnum used a mentally-retarded African and billed him in his show as a Freak: "What is it? Man or Monkey? It defies Science." Of course Barnum never advertised that his freak was mentally-retarded, he merely stuck a cone on the poor man's head with spirit gum, and then touted the spectacle to spectators and ticket-buyers as an oxymoron of science. With such a spectacle to behold, who needs the truth?

One mystery surrounding Fields is his birthdate. Since the birth certificate was lost by his family biographers have never come up with a definite date; his birthdate has been given as January 17, January 29, and June 15. Louvish records the census-taker who visited the Woodland Avenue Home as saying "on 5 June 1880...little Claude (was) four-twelfths of a year old." If Louvish is correct is assum-

ing that little W.C., was four months old at this time, then his real birthdate must have been in February.

Another story that W.C. continuously told to great fanfare was that his father hit him over the head with a shovel when he was 15 years old. Years later he said to Alva Johnston (for *The Saturday Evening Post*) that after the accident, "I took it on the Lamm...I never returned." Louvish recounts this tale and concludes through research that the story was another truth-stretcher. Yes, Fields and his father did have arguments and his father *did* strike his son on the head, yes, Fields *did* run away from home, but he always returned after a day or two. For Fields "never to return" would've been impossible even in the 1880's. Some cop or policeman would've surely noticed a boy tramping around the neighborhood in search of

food. Policemen were on street-beats then, and a policeman familiar with the road of Woodland Avenue would've surely taken the young waif back to his household.

Another reason that Fields reached the top of the heap in comedy circles was his prodigious memory. Fields would memorize little bits of business and writing that he liked and use it years later in his routine. This is where Louvish's research stands out among the other biographies. He pin-points an old forgotten vaudeville-minstrel joke that Fields used in *Man on the Flying Trapeze* as originally coming from an old minstrel show *The Ham Tree* of 1901 in which a young W.C. Fields made one of his first appearances.

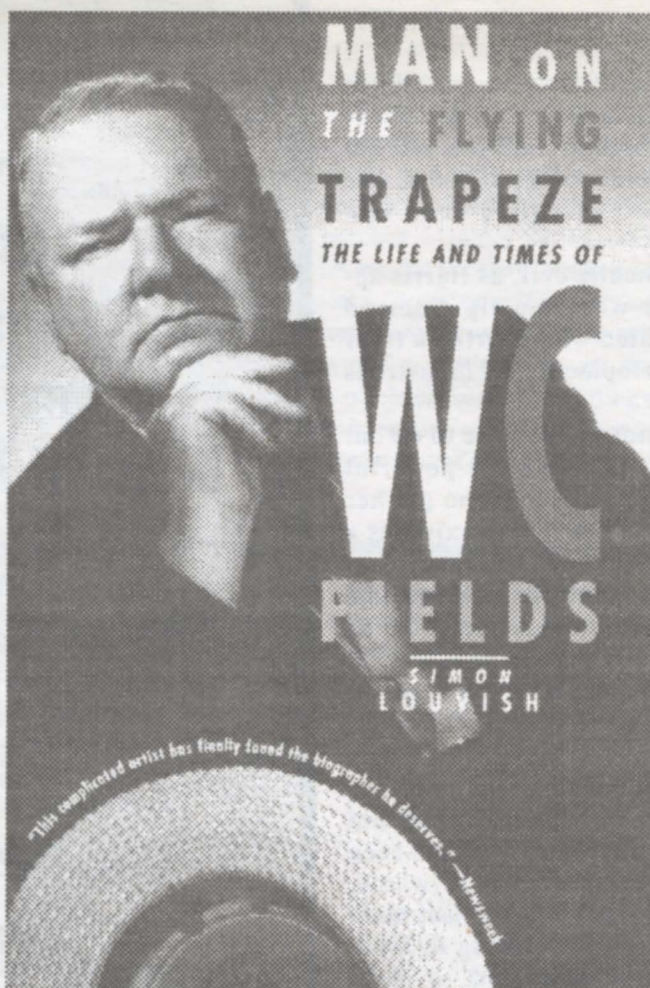
Louvish puts to death the myth that Fields bought all of his material from writers and then used it exclusively. This myth was first published by Herman J. Mannkewicz in *The Wit and Wisdom of Hollywood* where Mannkewicz remembers Fields coming into his office at Paramount Pictures and buying all the "bird-names" Mannkewicz gave him in *If I Had A Million* ("My Little Chickadee, My Little Glow-Worm," etc.)

Instead, a lot of detail is provided for the reader showing how Fields worked *with* writers, rather than against them. The humorist J. P. McEvoy is often credited with giving Fields the basis for his comedy. This Chicago-born humorist was very popular in his day and even wrote for *The Comic* section of the local newspapers. As McEvoy eventually went to New York, he wrote pieces for Fields to try out in *The Ziegfeld Follies*.

Fields liked McEvoy's style so much that when McEvoy gave Fields the sketch of a hen-pecked grocery-store owner, Fields immediately gave the sketch several improvements and they filmed the sketch twice; one was a silent version *It's The Old Army Game*, while the sound version became *It's A Gift*.

Louvish has produced a readable, scholarly account of Fields' life that is refreshing; while some could complain that the myth is more interesting than the fact, Louvish has backed up his claims with research that cannot be denied. The appendices to the films are very helpful, now that Universal video has rereleased the Fields Comedy classics he made for Universal and Paramount.

It is difficult to say that the book will be the last word on Fields research. Maybe further research will contain information that will back up Fields' tall claims. Since the W.C. Fields cult has died out now, along with the Laurel & Hardy cult of the late Sixties, Louvish's book may be the last word for several decades. At the very least, it might get people interested in watching comedy films again.





## BOOK REVIEW:

## 'Hannibal' falls short as silent sequel

By Samuel McKewon

Daily Nebraskan (U. Nebraska)

06/17/99

(U-WIRE) LINCOLN, Neb.—So I'm sitting here in disbelief at the final chapter of 'Hannibal,' Thomas Harris' much-awaited sequel to 'Silence of the Lambs,' and wondering just how Harris thought he'd get away with such an odd, meandering novel that lacks a singular focus from the get-go. It isn't so much that there isn't interest in the recluse author's fourth novel, it's that through 486 pages, there is not one single moment of urgency in the tale of Dr. Hannibal Lecter and FBI Special Agent Clarice Starling. It starts without one. It continues without one. And just about the moment 'Hannibal' looks like it will smell o tension, and not just mere top-this gory shock, Harris botches the scene and cascades toward an unreal and entirely ridiculous finish.

Not that parts of the novel aren't fine pieces of work, capable of putting a chill in the spine. Harris' novel opens simply enough, seven years later than the first, with Starling enveloped in a tragic drug raid that will carry itself through the book. It plays strong and believable.

And not much later does 'Hannibal' introduce us to the real villain of the book, one of the Lecter's few surviving victims, Mason Verger. Verger, the inheritor of a meat-packing conglomerate and a monster in his own right, wants vengeance on Lecter for a bed-ridden, crippled body and deformed face, the description of which Harris plunges into with vivid detail, beginning a path of graphically told carnage to follow.

Verger has been planning for Lecter's ultimate torture and death, and has set up camp all around the world to find him. The cannibalistic doctor eventually emerges in Florence, Italy. Lecter, still one of the best developed and most horrific personas ever created, still relishes his tastes, his smells, and he still will not be denied.

Lecter's persona holds a larger place in this book, as does his past, and Harris gives us the treat of touring inside his vast mind of memories and passions. We come to see his thoughts for Starling, too.

These passages, as well as the description of a smart but doomed Italian investigator, who searches for Lecter, are what Harris does best. The doctor's fetishes and behaviors are fleshed out into their full glory here, the best scene coming upon a plane ride as he waits for passengers to fall asleep so he can savor his pate. Harris gives depth, although Starling's real identities are held off until late in this book.

What Harris does not do well is give this narrative a reason to drive toward anything. Unlike 'Silence' which held at stake the life of a young woman, (considering the violence in both, it's trivial, yes, but still riveting), 'Hannibal' is a manhunt for a hunter of men, ironic, true enough, but hardly invigorating. We're smart enough to know that Verger will eventually make a mistake.

As for Verger, his persona seems comically evil, as Harris apparently saw the need to create a character who actually deserved Lecter's torture. Verger's mean all right, which would strike a truer note if more insight were given into his development as a monstrous child.

Starling hangs through much of the story with little to do but fear for her future as a FBI agent. She has gained some powerful enemies along the way: a Department of Justice official who got her cold shoulder and Verger himself. But, basically, Starling exists as a saner companion to Lecter, less his foil here than his protector.

Eventually, Lecter returns stateside, the confrontation between he and Verger does happen, as expected. What is not expected is the poor manner in which Harris handles an obviously important matter. It took two or three re-readings to nail the image, and even then, so many people are involved and so little description is given, the major scene is lost.

But it is hardly the book's end, which must be read to be believed. After the final page, it's hard not to break out in a smile, not unlike the ending to 'Silence.' Here, though, almost no door has been left open to a sequel, and it will be fascinating to see if a movie (which, frankly, brought more attention and more adulation to the last book than the book ever could have) decides to dump this closing in favor for an alternate one. So foolish is Harris' choice for an end.

It is not his biggest sin, though, which remains a failure to establish tension. Harris banks on us to care for Starling so much that it becomes a necessity that she keep her FBI job. That necessity for Harris reveals a larger need to keep Starling relatively angelic for purposes that sustains only a mild sense of irony at the end.

Harris is by no means not a talent. His style is clear and succinct, his mastery of detail, both main and auxiliary, remains among the best in his craft. The evolution of Lecter is the book's biggest delight, as it plays to Harris' strength. Any novel in which such a multi-layered, enjoyable character exists cannot be all bad. Had he cast Lecter in a role that required more of him than as a fugitive, 'Hannibal' would have been more engrossing.

But Harris forces us to root for Lecter with his creation of horror all around. I prefer choosing to root for the evil doctor; it's much more fun.

*A Friend*

by

Ercle Howell

*Friend, you departed from your  
sheltered*

*abode in darkness.*

*Your destination is unknown but  
to the*

*Creator of all life.*

*Friend, you brought light and  
joy to our*

*home, for a short while...*

*For everyone of us is here but  
for an instant,*

*a fraction of a speck of dust  
amongst the*

*Quadrillions upon quadrillions  
within the*

*vast universe.*

*Gone from sight in less than a  
wquadrillionth*

*of a second, ever flying into the  
vacuous*

*Unknown darkness toward an  
Infinite*

*Light.*

*Friend, thank you for sharing  
time with me,*

*for I am grateful for God's gift.  
it is time to bid farewell. God-  
speed!*





## Around Town: Calendar of Events for July

Brookfield Zoo First Ave. & 31 <sup>st</sup> St.	June 4 <sup>th</sup> thru' Aug. 29 <sup>th</sup>	Rhythm & Roots Festival weekend celebrations pay homage to a different culture related to animal exhibits. Information: 708-485-0263 ext. 879
Taste of Chicago Grant Park	June 25 <sup>th</sup> thru' July 5 <sup>th</sup>	11 a.m. - 9 p.m.
19 <sup>th</sup> Annual Lisle Eyes to the Skies Balloon Festival Lisle Comm. Pk. I 53 & Short St.	July 1 <sup>st</sup> thru' July 5 <sup>th</sup>	Information: 630-575-9798
Frontier Days 500 E Miner St. Arlington Hts.	July 1 <sup>st</sup> thru' July 5 <sup>th</sup>	100 unit parade. Information: 847-577-8572
6 <sup>th</sup> Annual African- Caribbean Festival	July 2 <sup>nd</sup> thru' July 5 <sup>th</sup> 10 a.m. - 10 p.m. daily	A celebration of Caribbean culture. Information: 312-427-0266
18 <sup>th</sup> Annual American Music Festival FitzGerald's 6615 W. Roosevelt Rd.	July 2 <sup>nd</sup> , 5 p.m.	Price: \$15 Tickets: 708-788-2118
Art and Science Festival Breakfast On the Lawn Museum of Science And Industry	July 10 <sup>th</sup> , 8:30 a.m.	Continental breakfast and entry into the new exhibit. Price: \$7.50 to \$11 Information: 773-386-5555
Civil War Encampment Wandschneider Park 831 Maple Ave. Downers Grove	July 11 <sup>th</sup> 10:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.	Encampment will consist of several Union and Confederate war units. Information: 630-963-1309
Hemingway 100 <sup>th</sup> Birthday Extravaganza 200 N. Oak Park Ave. Oak Park	July 14 <sup>th</sup> thru' July 21 <sup>st</sup>	Call for events, times, and prices: 708-848-2222
How Both Halves Lived: An All-Day Bus Tour Glessner House Museum	July 17 <sup>th</sup> , 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.	Tour of Glessner House and Prairie Avenue. Price: \$50 Reservations: 773-785-3828
Talkin' Blues with Sterling Plummpp DuSable Museum of African American History 740 E. 56 <sup>th</sup> Pl.	July 24 <sup>th</sup> , 1 p.m.	Price: free with museum admission.

This is a brief calendar of events occurring in the Chicago area. The purpose of 'Around' is to provide information on activities, primarily on weekends, of possible interest and it is not meant to represent all events and festivals taking place in July. Telephone numbers for further information are provided when available.

FILM REVIEW: 'Powers' sequel lacks punch of original, yet still fun

By Samuel Mckewon  
Daily Nebraskan (U. Nebraska)  
06/17/99

(U-WIRE) LINCOLN, Neb.—The 'Austin Powers' series has never been an entire movie as much as a filmed concept. Twists and turns in the plot are meaningless.

The second installment in what (may) be a three-movie deal proves it. 'Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me' loses all pretension of making sense, choosing the path of absolute silliness and abundant bathroom humor.

Not that mass audiences care, nor did I. The sequel to (the) first 'Austin' does exactly what it was supposed to do: raise the bar on crass, ridiculous comedy, at the expense of a few critics, but hardly at the expense of the fans.

In short, Mike Meyers and Co. is still high on the funny meter; there's enough great moments in 'The Spy Who Shagged Me' to drown away the bad ones. The second movie misses more often but it's better. While it isn't as consistent in its humor, the laughs come harder.

The basic premise picks up after the first 'Austin' with the dashing 1960's rogue spy Powers (Meyers) celebrating a honeymoon with his wife, Vanessa (Elizabeth Hurley), who turns out to be a fembot.

The affectionately effeminate Dr. Evil (Meyers again) is returning back to Earth after a short orbit. His plan to destroy Austin: to go back to 1969 (through a swirly time machine) and steal his 'mojo,' a Kool-Aid type substance that turns any man into a shag machine and robs Austin of his manhood.

In fact, much of the movie is spent with Dr. Evil, much more than Powers, largely because of the brilliant new characters in the form of Mini-Me (Verne D. Troyer), a dwarfish clone of the arch villain and Fat Bastard (Meyers, Part III), the gross Scottish spy who actually does the mojo-stealing.

Austin, surrounded by the same brittle British actors, doesn't get the same help from the script, co-written by Michael McCullors and Meyers. Austin is shipped back to the past, where he's hip again, eliminating much of the broad fish-out-of-water humor that made the first film so successful.

Instead of a game Hurley tagging along, Heather Graham steps in at the American spy who shags, Felicity Shagwell. And not one good line is she given. A vixen without vix, Graham doesn't have natural humor in her bones and can't pull off British weariness with a Midwestern accent. She is more of an obligatory female than cohort; in fact, before she disappears from the screen, Hurley fires off a few barbs better than any Graham gets.

Austin, meanwhile, seems subdued, and much of the schlocky humor is thrown back at Dr. Evil, fleshed out here better than the original movie. A musical duet with Mini-Me, a riff on the phrase 'Zip it!' a double play on words about his phallic ship: these are the best scenes in the 'Spy Who Shagged Me.'

The script is filled with gags, but a plot seems far off in left field. The door is left gaping open for a sequel; let's hope a better plan devised than one revolving around an eight-inch beaker of red fluid. Through a revelation later in the movie, it all seems a bit stupid.

But hindsight isn't needed in 'The Spy Who Shagged Me.' Don't think, just laugh. And for that Meyers and director Jay Roach delivers in spades; we don't care that the movie is on-sided in its laughs, nor does it matter that Graham's character falls a bit flat. In the end, it's still damn funny and the funny lasts with you outside of the theater; just imagining Mini-Me in his mini chair is hilarious.



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The position of faculty advisor provides advice and guidance for the successful functioning of the student newspaper. It is required that the advisor meets weekly with the editor and staff with a time investment of at least four hours per week. Additionally, it is required that the advisor meets with the Director of Student Life weekly and attends the monthly Student Communications Media Board meetings.

Applicants should be full-time faculty and have related education, training, and experience to provide effective guidance.

Interested individuals should submit a letter of application and a vitae/resume to the Student Communication Media board, c/o The Director of Student Life. Applications will be accepted until this "Special Services Contracted Position" is filled. Applications received by 8:00 p.m. July 15, 1999 will be given preference.

For additional information, contact Tom Dascenzo at (708) 534-4555, 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The *Innovator* will print club articles, information, and announcements, however, submissions must be made on disk. Publication is contingent on space available.

Submissions can be made to the *Innovator* via inter-campus mail or directly to room A2134.

Queries can be made to extension 4517.